

THE MINERVA.

"Get Wisdom, and with all thy getting, get Understanding."—*Proverbs of Solomon.*

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Vol. I.

POPULAR TALES.

FROM THE FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN, SPANISH AND ENGLISH.

Truth severe, by fiction drest.—GRAY.

IL DUE GOBBI; OR THE HUNCH-BACK COBLERS. (A VENETIAN STORY.)

After the splendid ceremony of wed-
ding the Adriatic sea, which the chief ma-
gistrate of Venice performs by going out
in his state-barge and throwing a ring into
the waves, a splendid banquet in his pa-
lace and general revelry throughout the
city, usually occupy the day. On one of
these annual occasions, the Doge, having
celebrated the allegorical ceremony ex-
pressive of his maritime authority, retired
to a small supper-table with a few se-
lect friends to enjoy an entire release
from official cares. And that it might be
fully felt by his guests, he deputed his
favourite Count Annibal Fiesco to per-
form the honours of the table, and sat
himself among the entertained. The fa-
vourite, a nobleman of rich comic hu-
mour and grotesque person, compared
himself to Sancha Panza in his court of
Barataria, and the guests seizing the li-
cense of the moment, rallied him gaily on
his likeness to that merry squire's exte-
rior.—"Your highness," said he, "shall
see how easily a fool's part may be played.
No man in this city is said to resemble
me, except the cobler Antonio; and I will
wager my best white horse, that in three
days I will wear his clothes, handle his
tools, and make his grimaces so well, that
he shall not be certain whether he is him-
self, or I am he. Nay, if your highness
chooses to have this carnival of folly
complete, I will bring him to confess he
is a dead man, and that I am his ghost!"
The doge staked a hundred ducats on the
experiment, and the chamberlain joined
in wishing the Count success in the farce
of "Il Due Gobbi."

An obscure shed, or what would be
called a cobler's stall, was the abode in
Venice of a celebrated person called An-
tonio Raffaelle—not the painter whose tal-
ents have excited so many imitators, but
a little squareheaded humpbacked shoe-
maker, whose neighbours gave him this
eminent surname in derision of his ridi-
culous ugliness and excessive vanity. Al-
most all the noted artists in Venice had
taken this *Asor*'s likeness as an exercise
for their skill in caricature, but with in-
finite delight to Antonio, who imagined
himself a second Antonius. One night,
after earning a few pieces of coin upon
the quay, he returned to his cassino, and
was surprised to see a squareheaded hump-
backed dwarf, seated by his wife's side,
composedly eating macaroni and drinking
lemonade. "In the name of St. Mark,"
said the high-spirited Italian cobler, "how
comes such an ill-favoured cicisbeo here
in my absence and how dares he stay
when I come home?"

"Signor Gobbo," replied the dwarf,
bowing with great civility and nonchal-
lance, "considering that you have thought
fit to counterfeit my hump and my crooked
leg, I make no answer to your com-
ment on my ill looks; but I take leave to
eat my own macaroni and sit at my own
shopboard without offence to any gentle-
man."

Antonio Raffaelle answered this ha-
sangue with a very scientific blow, which

the new cobler returned him with such
speed, and such sufficient aid from the
lady, that his opponent was forced to ab-
andon his household hearth and fight
outside. All the lazzaroni of the neigh-
bourhood assembled to see the manual de-
bate; and as poor Raffaelle was comple-
tely vanquished, very wisely, and with the
usual logic of a mob, concluded him in
the wrong, and joined the impostor in
driving him out of the street. Antonio
was a practical philosopher, and instead
of waiting for farther compliments from
the victors, went to the nearest officer of
police and made his complaint. "This
is all very ingenious," said the magis-
trate, laughing; "but my good little An-
nibal, every body knows the old cobler
you pretend to be, and his ugliness is a
hundred times more comical than your's.
I have known the steeple on his shoul-
der ever since I was a boy, and wrote my
lessons twenty years ago under the inspira-
tion of his genius for lying—Go and add
three pounds to that mound on your back,
and make a better semi-circle of your leg,
before you come to me again."

There was no enduring this taunt.
Raffaelle ran in a fury of aggrieved honour
to Signor Corregiano, an artist who had
just finished a sketch of him, and implor-
ed his aid to identify an injured man.
"Ha! ha!" answered the Signor, uncov-
ering his casel—"that will be no difficult
matter. His back serves me as the model
of Vespasian's arch, and I shall send
for him to-morrow to finish his profile—
I want it for the Princess of Parma's mu-
seum—and here it is, except the nose,
which I have not oker enough to finish.
My wife's parrot mistook it for a cockatoo's
beak, and pecked at it." If Raffaelle
was astonished at the insolent rail-
ery of the painter, he was still more con-
founded when, in reply to his clamorous
complaints, the Signor daily ordered his
lacqueys to turn the impostor out of doors.
"These rogues think," said the artist,
taking a long whip and bestowing it liber-
ally on his visitor, "that any dwarf may
mimic our Raffaelle, but I would have
them to know an ugly knave must be a
clever one."

Poor Antonio hardly knew how to be-
lieve his own ears, which had been so
often feasted with praises of his fine bust
and antique proportion. But one person
might certainly be found to bear witness
of his identity, and he ran like a tortoise
in an ague to the confessional of Father
Paulo, a rosy Dominican, whose sandals
he had often repaired. "For the love
of justice and St. Dominick," said our
persecuted cobler, "assist a wronged
man to confront his enemies. A caitiff,
who calls himself Antonio Raffaelle, has
entered my house, seized my stock in
trade, eaten up my supper, and seduced
my wife—And the neighbours say—"—
"Ah, very true!" answered the priest,
resting his hands gravely on his sides—
"what the neighbours tell you is nothing
more than the precise truth. I owed
him two maravedis for mending my shoes
last night, but he had such an enormous
bale of sins to confess, that I shall deduct
the two maravedis as a penance."—
"What, holy father! will you not even
pay me for my day's work?"—
"Your's lazzarone! I employ for my cobler a
dull roguish drone who has more ugliness
than *Asor*, and more tricks than all *Asor*'s
birds and beasts, but his face is so strange-
ly like St. Janaurius's phial, that I verily

believe it grows red by miracle, and
therefore I patronize it."

Not even Raffaelle's devout respect for
the Catholic church could repress his
rage at this accumulation of outrage. He
seized on the Dominican's ample sleeve,
which being filled with Naples biscuits
and Parmesan cheese, caused an unexpected
shower of good things, among the ragged
groupe whose curiosity brought them to this scene. While the lazzaroni
scrambled and the cobler talked, two or
three soldiers of the doge's guard laid
their hands on him, and carried him to
the nearest prison, accused by divers wit-
nesses of profaning an ecclesiastic's per-
son by assault. It was in vain to detail
his wrongs, and plead the law of retalia-
tion. The serjeant of the police prefer-
red arguments of another kind, and after
making as many indentures on his back as
would have served for the plan of a tes-
selated pavement, the ministers of justice
sent him forth to seek his home and pro-
perty again. Of the latter part, as far as
concerned his wife, he had some fears of
finding more than was necessary, and
could have dispensed very well with any
restoration of his living stock. But when
he entered the shop, woeful sight!—he
beheld new furniture, a new name, a lady
gaily dressed, and the pretended cobler
sitting with a large assortment of shoes
before him. The outrageous reproaches
of Antonio were more like the chattering
of a sick ape than the articulations of hu-
man speech. He danced, grinned, shriek-
ed, and threw his professional tools in all
directions, but especially at the head of
his faithless wife, who affected the utmost
dismay and astonishment. Officers of
justice were sent for again, the neigh-
bours gathered together, the street re-
sounded with shouts, and the doge,
whose carriage was passing through it,
stopped to enquire into the cause. He
was a man of mirth and good nature; the
ridiculous distress of the two coblers
caught his fancy, and he ordered the mat-
ter to be brought to speedy trial. An-
tonio Raffaelle hustled through the crowd,
and called on the doge to hear him speak
on the spot. The state-attendants of the
equipage would have driven him off, but
the doge, laughing heartily, invited him
to proceed. "Sire, your Excellency
knows that merit of all kinds must have
enemies, and the highest tree, as our pro-
verb says, has the crow's nests in it. It
is well known to your highness, that no
portrait or statue in your gallery has been
finished without a comparison with my
figure, and this graceless usurper thinks
he may rob me of my fame and my pa-
trons, because he has a high shoulder and
a curved leg. I beseech your excellency
only to command that he may meet me
face to face in your council-room three
days hence, and your ten counsellors
shall see which of us is the true Raffaelle."

The doge burst into a second fit of
laughter. His Council of Ten, the most
formal and formidable tribunal in Venice,
engaged in the trial of two hunch-backed
coblars, struck him at such ludicrous bur-
lesque, that he determined to regale him-
self with a full surfeit of the comedy.
"Well, Antonio!" said the merry chief
magistrate, "collect your witnesses, and
digest sufficient evidence. If I can find
ten idle counsellors keeping carnival,
they shall sit as your judges, and I will
be umpire between 'Il Due Gobbi.'

The crowd dispersed, the pretended
cobler shut himself into his shop in tri-
umph, and the people of the street, with
the usual indolence of Italians, forgot the
quarrel between the two hunch-back So-
nas before night. Antonio was not so pas-
sive. He purchased a large wide cloak
of an Armenian Jew, composed a beard
of very respectable length, and covered
one eye with a patch of green leather.
High-heeled shoes and a large shawl fol-
ded into a turban altered his stature con-
siderably, and a gaberdine disguised his
distorted shape. Thus attired, and fur-
nished with an assortment of suitable
wares, he presented himself at the gate
of Count Annibal Fiesco, the Rochester
of the Venetian court, and enquired if
he was at home. Our Antonio had re-
ceived a hint from the doge's chamber-
lain, of the wager laid by the Count, and
determined to retaliate the sport on him
and his confederates.

The servants had no leisure to answer
such applicants. They were engaged in
discussing the merits of an extraordinary
mountebank or itinerant merry-andrew,
and disputing which of their own number
could perform the cleverest feats. "For
my part," said the major-domo, "I have
read of stealing the eggs from a bird's nest
while she sat on them, and as yonder is a
magpie sitting in that tree, I will shew
how easily that trick may be played by
boring a hole under the nest."—Ay,"
rejoined the page, "but who will play
the second part of the same trick, and
put the eggs back again without disturbing
her?"—"Gentlemen," interposed the
false Armenian, "that is nothing to a
feat I have seen among the Saxon gypsies.
Let monsignor, who has, as I see, a suit
of his lord's clothes under his arm, tuck
them under mine, and carry my box of
small wares to the top of that fine tree.
I will engage before you all, and without
his perceiving it, to draw off his apparel,
and put his master's on his back." The
whole conclave of domestics were en-
chanted; and the page made haste to fold
up his lord's scarlet cloak, embroidered
doublet, and white silk hose, into a bun-
dle of convenient size; and that the me-
tamorphosis might completely exhibit the
artist's skill, another ran to seek Count
Annibal's plumed velvet hat and splen-
did shoes, which were placed as our Gob-
bo desired, one on his head, the other in
the bundle under his arm. The page
with the show-box of trinkets began to
mount slowly first, and the mock conju-
ror, having slung his bundle very care-
fully, climbed after him, and contrived
with great adroitness to perform one half
of his task, while the court-yard rang
with shouts of laughter. But while the
poor page was most inconveniently perched
on the top of the tree, his hands en-
cumbered with the show-box, and his face
full of rueful grimaces at his disha-
bille, Antonio suddenly leaped from one
of the branches over the wall, and ran
off with his bundle, leaving the servants
uncertain whether to pursue him, or to
laugh at their comrade's ridiculous position.
Antonio had no leisure to enjoy
that part of the jest. He retreated with
his prize to a secret spot, put on the cloak,
rich vestment, and other contents of the
bundle, and placing his gemmed and
feathered hat with gallant air on his head,
he presented himself at the doge's palace,
and entered his council-chamber. "What,
Annibal!—so soon tired of the jest?"
said the merry doge, laughing as he saw

him enter—"But you have not yet fulfilled all the conditions of your wager, you promised not only to dislodge the cobler from his stall, cheat his neighbours, and usurp his business, but also to convince him he was dead."—"That I shall soon do for your highness's amusement," replied the counterfeit nobleman, "provided we have the pomp of a formal council, and bring him before us with due judicial ceremony. The rogue has taken possession of his stall again, and it will not be amiss to send for him with a formidable posse of your officers, and cite his wife also. We shall need the evidence of two or three other persons, but they must be summoned at a proper time."—The doge renewed his laughter, and bade his favourite follow into his private cabinet. "This will be a more imposing room of inquisition," said he, taking his chair of state—"You, my chamberlain, and myself, will form a Council of Three, more terrible in Venice than the ten fools of my larger council."—"That is true," replied the mock Count, drily, "and three, including your highness, are quite sufficient: but that my task may be properly fulfilled of frightening this cobler to death, your messenger must hint that he is charged with a secret conspiracy, revealed as usual through the lion's mouth."—The thought was instantly approved and executed, the Council of Three took their places near their table in official order, and in half an hour the pretended cobler was brought in, handcuffed, and placed before them, attended by Antonio's wife.

Our Original Antonio folded his scarlet cloak, and adjusted his brows with a scowl of scorn very well befitting a Venetian judge, and his imitator, not so well understanding this unexpected part of the farce, waited in silence for the result.

"You who call yourself Antonio Raffaele, cobler and seller of monkeys on the Rialto," said the doge, in a stern voice, "you who are accused of secret movements against the state, what reason have you for representing yourself as what you are not?"

"Your highness knows very well who I am," answered a prisoner with an arch glance which he met the doge to interpret—"And you know moreover, that I am Antonio Raffaele, reformer of your servant's soles, and the model of your sculptor's bodies."

"Fellow," interposed the new judge availing himself of the doge's permission to conclude the comedy as he pleased—"this is too audacious contumely. Every body knows Antonio Raffaele, commonly called Gobbo the cobler, has been dead and buried three days. Let that woman behind you deny it if she dares."

The hunchback's wife not being prepared to meet this challenge, knew not what to reply. The three inquisitors urged her to confess if this man was her husband, or an impostor, and her prevarications and confusion produced the most ridiculous answers. "I have thought, monsignor," said Antonio, addressing the doge with the bow of a man of rank and a well imitated air of supercilious negligence towards the prisoners—"I have remembered a necessary means of reaching the truth and confronting these accomplices. Let us send for Signor Torregiano and the Dominican Father Paul!"

Both were already in waiting, and made their appearance before the council, more perplexed than alarmed. They had been instructed by the doge's merry favourite how to play their parts in tormenting the poor cobler, but had received no intimations how to behave towards him to night. Therefore when the doge, with an austere air, enquired if the painter had not been sent for to take a sketch of his features after his death, Torregiano very gravely assented, adding, that he meant to compose a bust of Aesop from the outline. The priest was asked if he had not administered extreme unction and heard his last confession; in which the

Dominican, thinking the jest required it, made no hesitation in acquiescing. "And moreover," said Antonio in a loud voice, "as this council absolves all priests from the secrecy of the confessional, you will acknowledge that he reminded you of the hundred sequins he received from my lord chamberlain for slipping a billet into a dancer's shoe, for which you gave him absolution, and promised to pay him back still the fifty-five you borrowed?"—Paulo, supposing all this a part of the concerted jest, assented to the charge, and signed his name to the notation made by the Council's secretary.—"And you, Signor Torregiano," resumed the hunch-backed judge, "do you not admit in this august presence, that you promised the dying cobler thirty silver ducats for the use of his skull after his decease to enrich your art?"—And are you not prepared to pay them to this poor woman whose grief for her husband has disordered her memory?" The painter could do nothing but assent and lay down the money as required; after which the pretended Count required the presence of the magistrate who presided over the cobler's district. This civilian, whose conduct to our cobler had been dictated by the doge's favourite, came without fear to answer whatever might be proposed; and the doge, in the grotesque airs of overacted authority assumed by his friend, saw only a fresh proof of his inventive drollery and mimic talent. The Count himself, in his cobler's garb, could no way conceive how his patron intended this excess of merriment to end. But when the magistrate was required to give his wife a certificate of her widowhood, and to sign himself an affidavit of the cobler's death, he began to apprehend some part of the jest would fall heavily on his own shoulders. He was not mistaken. Having asked again and again if he was not ashamed to appear in the cobler's shape after his death and funeral, and making no reply, the mischievous judge proposed to ascertain whether he was really a corporal mimic, or an apparition of the deceased, by a sound flagellation. Two servants of the doge applied the test with such force, that the Count, not knowing any better way to end the trial, exclaimed—"I am dead!—I am dead!—I confess whatever his highness pleases."

The doge clapped his hands with a cry of applause; and the favourite pulling off his ragged disguise, begged the honest dwarf who personated him to take back his own apparel and give him his. But Antonio, made bold by his success, first claimed the money which the priest and painter had promised to pay; and giving his wife her certificate of widowhood, bade her go in peace, and consider him happily released from her. The doge, highly amused and astonished to find the real cobler had been sitting by his side, confirmed both the divorce and the payments; and awarded to him the amount of the wager he had laid; declaring his favourite the loser, but himself a winner of one merry day by "Il Due Gobbi."

FEDERIGO ALBERIGI AND HIS FALCON.

(FROM THE ITALIAN OF BOCCACCIO.)

There lived in Florence a young man called Federigo Alberigi, who surpassed all the youth of Tuscany in feats of arms, and in accomplished manners. He (for gallant men will fall in love) became enamoured of Monna Giovanna, at that time considered the finest woman in Florence; and that he might inspire her with a reciprocal passion, he squandered his fortune at tilts and tournaments, in entertainments and presents: But the Lady, who was virtuous as she was beautiful, could on no account be prevailed on to return his love. While he lived thus extravagantly, and without the means of recruiting his coffers, poverty,

the usual attendant of the thoughtless, came on apace; his money was spent, and nothing remained to him but a small farm, barely sufficient for his subsistence, and a falcon, which was however the finest in the world. When he found it impossible therefore to live longer in town, he retired to his little farm, where he went a birding in his leisure hours; and disdaining to ask favours of any one—he submitted patiently to his poverty, while he cherished in secret a hopeless passion.

It happened about this time that the husband of Monna Giovanna died, leaving a great fortune to their only son, who was yet a youth; and that the boy came along with his mother to spend the summer months in the country, at a villa in the neighbourhood of Federigo's farm. In this way he became acquainted with Federigo, and began to delight in birds and dogs, and having seen his falcon, he took a great longing for it, but was afraid to ask it of him when he saw how highly he prized it. This desire, however, so much affected the boy's spirits, that he fell sick; and his mother who doted upon this her only child, became alarmed, and to soothe him, pressed him again and again to ask whatever he wished, and promised, that if it were possible, he should have all that he desired. The youth at last confessed, that if he had the falcon he would soon be well again. When the lady heard this, she began to consider what she should do: She knew that Federigo had long loved her, and had received from her nothing but coldness; and how could she ask the falcon, which she heard was the finest in the world, and which was now his only consolation?—

Could she be so cruel as to deprive him of his last remaining support? Perplexed with these thoughts, which the full belief that she should have the bird if she asked it, did not relieve, she knew not what to think, or how to return her son an answer. A mother's love, however, at last prevailed; she resolved to satisfy him, and determined, whatever might be the consequence, not to send, but to go herself and procure the falcon. She told her son, therefore, to take courage, and think of getting better, for that she would herself go on the morrow, and fetch what he desired; and the hope was so agreeable to the boy, that he began to mend apace. On the next morning Monna Giovanna, having taken another lady along with her, went as if for amusement to the little cabin of Federigo, and inquired for him. It was not the birding season, and he was at work in his garden; when he heard, therefore, that Monna Giovanna was calling upon him, he ran with joyful surprise to the door. She, on the other hand, when she saw him coming, advanced with delicate politeness; and when he had respectfully saluted her, she said, "All happiness attend you, Federigo; I am come to repay you for the loss you have suffered from loving me too well, for this lady and I intend to dine with you in an easy way this forenoon." To this Federigo humbly answered: "I do not remember, Madam, having suffered any loss at your hands, but on the contrary, have received so much good, that if ever I had any worth, it sprung from you, and from the love with which you inspired me. And this generous visit to your poor host, is much more dear to me than would be the spending again of what I have already spent." Having said this, he invited them respectfully into the house, and from thence conducted them to the garden, where, having nobody else to keep them company, he requested that they would allow the labourer's wife to do her best to amuse them, while he went to order dinner.

Federigo, however great his poverty, had not yet learned all the prudence taught him; and it thus happened, that he had nothing in the house with which he could honourably entertain the lady, for whose love he had formerly given so many entertainments. Cursing his evil fortune, therefore, he stood like one beside himself, and looked in vain for money or pledge. The hour was already late, and his desire extreme to find something worthy of his mistress; he felt repugnant, too, to ask from his own labourer. While he was thus perplexed, he chanced to cast his eyes upon his fine falcon, which was sitting upon a bar in the anti-chamber. Having no other resource, therefore, he took it into his hand, and finding it fat, he thought it would be proper for such a lady. He accordingly pulled its neck without delay, and gave it to a little girl to be plucked; and having put it upon a spit, he made it be carefully roasted. He then covered the table with a beautiful cloth, a wreck of his former splendour; and every thing being ready, he returned to the garden, to tell the lady and her companion that dinner was served.—They accordingly went in and sat down to table with Federigo, and eat the good falcon without knowing it.

When they had finished dinner, and spent a short while in agreeable conversation, the lady thought it time to tell Federigo for what she had come. She said to him, therefore, in a gentle tone, "Federigo, when you call to mind your past life and recollect my virtue, which perhaps you called coldness and cruelty, I doubt not but that you will be astonished at my presumption, when I tell you the principal motive of my visit. But had you children, and knew how great a love one bears them, I am sure you would in part excuse me; and although you have them not, I who have an only child, cannot resist the feelings of a mother. By the strength of these am I constrained, in spite of my inclination, and contrary to propriety and duty, to ask a thing which I know is with reason dear to you, for it is your only delight and consolation in your misfortunes:—That gift is your falcon, for which my son has taken so great a desire, that unless he obtain it, I am afraid his illness will increase, and that I shall lose him. I beseech you to give it me, therefore, not by the love which you bear me, (for to that you owe nothing), but by the nobleness of your nature, which you have shewn in nothing more than in your generosity; and I will remain eternally your debtor for my son's life, which your gift will be the means of preserving.

When Federigo heard the lady's request, and knew how impossible it was to grant it, he burst into tears, and was unable to make any reply. The lady imagined, that this arose from grief at the thought of losing his favourite, and shewed his unwillingness to part with it; nevertheless she waited patiently for his answer. He at length said,—"Since it first pleased heaven, Madam, that I should place my affections on you, I have found fortune unkind to me in many things, and have often accused her; but all her former unkindness has been trifling compared with what she has now done me. How can I ever forgive her, therefore, when I remember, that you, who never deigned to visit me when I was rich, have come to my poor cottage to ask a favour which she has cruelly prevented me from bestowing.—The cause of this I shall briefly tell you. When I found that in your goodness you proposed to dine with me, and when I considered your excellence, I thought it my duty to honour you with more precious food than is usually given to others. Recollecting my falcon, therefore, and its worth, I deemed it worthy food, and accordingly made it be roasted and served up for dinner; but when I find that you wished to get it in another way, I shall never be consoled for having it not in my power to serve you." Having said

this, he shewed them the wings, and the feet, and the bill, as evidences of the truth of what he had told them. When the lady heard and seen these things, she chid him for having killed so fine a bird as food for a woman; but admired in secret that greatness of mind which poverty had been unable to subdue.—Then, seeing that she could not have the falcon, and becoming alarmed for the safety of her child, she thanked Federigo for the honourable entertainment he had given them, and returned home in a melancholy mood. Her son, on the other hand, either from grief at not getting the falcon, or from a disease occasioned by it, died a few days after, leaving his mother plunged in the deepest affliction.

Monna Giovanna was left very rich, and when she had for some time mourned her loss, being importuned by her brothers to marry again, she began to reflect on the merit of Federigo, and on the last instance of his generosity displayed in killing so fine a bird to do her honour. She told her brothers, therefore, that she would marry since they desired it, but that her only choice would be Federigo Alberigi. They laughed when they heard this, and asked her how she could think of a man who had nothing; but she answered, that she would rather have a man without money, than money without a man. When her brothers, who had long known Federigo, saw therefore how her wishes pointed, they consented to bestow her upon him with all her wealth; and Federigo, with a wife so excellent and so long beloved, and riches equal to his desires, shewed that he had learned to be a better steward, and long enjoyed true happiness.

THE GLEANER.

“So we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of Court News; and we'll talk with them too,
Who loses and who wins; who's in, who's out;
And take upon us the mystery of things,
As if we were God's Spies.”—SHAKESPEARE.

A Hint to Money Lenders.—The following curious conversation lately occurred in a garden attached to a Lunatic Asylum not far from Dumfries, Scotland. The interlocutors were the keeper, a very respectable man, and one of the most manageable of his patients. “Take it easy, take it easy, Jamie—you're not working against time man—and when you come near the border, be sure and keep your feet off the flowers!”—“The flowers, hurt the bonnie sweet flowers!” said Jamie, “na, na, I'm no sae daft as that comes to, neither; I wad as sunce chap aff my ain fingers as crush ane o' them. There's the simmer snaw-drap already keeking through its green sheath, as weel as daisies and primroses, and the thing that the ca-rocket, although it wad mak but a puir cracker on the King's birth-day—He! he! he!—Aye, and there's heart's-ease, and the rowan-tree, sprigs of which I aye wear next my skin, the tane to fley awa the witches, and the tither to keep my heart frae beating. An' there's the genty wee flower that I gied a bit o' to Tibby Dalrymple, wha tint her wits for love, and wha said sae much to me through the grating o' her cell, about the gude that the smell o' a flower wad do her, that could na find i' my heart to deny her, puir thing.” “Very well, Jamie,” replied the keeper, “be a good lad, and continue to dress that little corner until I come back from the sands.” “Ou ay!” rejoined the maniac, “this is Wednesday, and you'll be gauin down to meet wi' some o' your contra frien's. It's changed times wi' them, I jelouse. Whaur the public-house folk used to sell a gallon o' whiskey, they dinna sell a mutchkin now, I hear. But that's nae thing. Their customers will get sooner bane to their families, and there'll be

fewer banes broken ridin' foot-races. But tak' care o' yousel', Mr. ——, tak' care that some o' them dinna come Yorkshire owre you. They'll be for inveeting you in to tak' a dram, nae doubt, and then after making a puir mouth about the badness o' the times, trying to borrow a little siller frae you. But if I war you, I'll tell you what I wad do—I wad get twa purses made, and ca' ane o' them *Somebody*, and the ither *A' the world*; and next, I wad put a' my siller in the first, ane no' a bawbee in the second; and then whan ony o' them spak' o' borrowing, I wad whup out the toom purse, and shakin' before the chiel's een, swear that I had na' a ha' penny in *A' the world*, until I got it frae *Somebody*!”

Carrying off a Delegate.—Where the number of electors is so small as in a Scottish Borough, much room is afforded for intrigue and foul play. Carrying off a delegate, is nearly as common a prank as carrying off an heiress in another country; and it has not unfrequently happened to a decent Scotch bailie, to find himself gathering cockles on the Norway shore, when he should have been voting for a representative to the great council of the nation in the Town Hall of his native borough. An amusing affair of this sort is related, in which the once noted Lady Wallace, sister of the late Duchess of Gordon, figured as the gay entrappress. General Skeene was appointed delegate for borough, in an interest opposed to that of a party whose success had Lady Wallace's best wishes. On the eve of election, she sent an invitation to the General to partake of a tete-a-tete collation. The bait was so tempting, the General went: and when he expected to be ushered into her ladyship's presence, he found himself suddenly locked up in a suit of apartments, where there was every thing convenient for supping, sleeping, &c. but no means of egress, except for a Trenk, or a *De la Tude*.—Lady W. amused herself in the interim in an anti-chamber, where she stood sentinel, with writing the following lines:

“Ah! heavy my heart, and deep my remorse is
The woes of this gallant, gay hero to note;
Commander-in-chief of his Majesty's forces,
In durance detain'd, and depriv'd of his vote!
Hark! how on the pannels he kicks and he
scratches!
With lily-white hands he batters the panes
out;
In accents of anguish for succour he hawls.
Heaven grant, that in fury, he beat not his
brains out!”

George Buchanan.—On the publication of his History of Scotland, Buchanan was cited to appear before the Privy Council; for the opinions it contained had given great offence to the king (James.) The summons was communicated to Buchanan while he was on his death-bed; when the philosopher remarked, with much indifference, “that his Majesty's anger gave him little or no concern, as he was going to a place where there were few kings.” At this time he asked his servant how much money he held of his? and, finding it insufficient for his burial, he ordered him to distribute it among the poor. “Who, in that case,” said the servant, “will defray the expense of the funeral?” Buchanan replied to this, that he was very indifferent; if they refused to bury him they might let him lie where he was, or throw his corpse where they pleased. He died September 5, 1582, aged 76, and was buried at the public charge by the magistrates of Edinburgh.

Macklyn's Love a-la-Mode.—The principal characters were a Scotchman and an Irishman: the first, heightened and odious; the latter, softened and amiable, played inimitably by one Moody. What made it memorable was, that Lord Bute interposed to have it prohibited! This intervention made the ridicule on the Scotch the more tasted; and being tasted, it would have been too of-

sensive to the public to have stopped the run. A compromise was made that it should not be printed. The King (Geo. II.) whose age then kept him from public places, sent for the copy, and ordered it to be read to him.

The Journals.—When the famous Daniel Defoe had the management of a ministerial newspaper called the *Flying Post*, so little credit was given to its intelligence, that it was common with the waiters at the coffee-houses to cut off the initial F, and thus to convert into what was thought a more appropriate title, the *Lying Post*. Modern journalists seem to have been studious to exclude the possibility of any similar travesty, and have run remarkably into the opposite extreme of not coming within alphabet's length of any like the titles they ought to bear. Thus the *New Times* (from a liberal feeling of rivalry, no doubt,) is constantly crying up the *good old Times*: while *Mr. Old Times* is as constantly abusing *The Times* as insufferably gloomy and dull; the *Mo(u)rning Post* never appears but in the gayest court livery; the *Mo(u)rning Advertiser* never without a foaming tankard in its hand; the *Traveller*, does not know how to be civil to a fellow *Traveller*, even though of the same country and kin; and the *John Bull*, hitherto *clept honest*, is in the pay of the *Man of the Mountain*. One paper alone has name and character agreeing—the *Courier*, carries whatever message it is ordered, and there is no road so dirty that it wont wade through.

God Save the King.—Mr. Clark, of the King's Chapel Royal, has, in a work recently published, traced back from the records and books of the Merchant Tailors' Company, that this song was composed and sung on the escape of King James I. from the Powder Plot, and sung in their Hall by the gentlemen and children of his Majesty's Chapel Royal, on the day when King James dined there, when a grand solemn entertainment, to celebrate the event of the King's escape from the Gunpowder Plot, was given. It is supposed that the Church Service was performed previous to the entertainment, as the Dean and Sub-dean were present, and an organ was erected in the Hall upon the occasion, which was on the 16th of July, 1607. A memorable composition was performed at the above entertainment for the first time. A Latin Grace, “*Non nobis Domine*,” was written for the occasion, and set to music as a Canon, by Mr. William Boyd, one of the gentlemen of the King's Chapel.

Grave Doings.—I went this day to a wedding of one Mrs. Castle, to whom I had some obligation, and it was to her fifth husband, a Lieutenant-Colonel of the city (a bold dragoon!). She was the daughter of one Bruton a broom man, by his wife, who sold kitchen stuff in Kent-street, whom God so blessed, that the father became very rich, and was a very honest man; and this daughter was a jolly, friendly woman. There were at the wedding, the Lord Mayor, the Sheriff, several Aldermen, and persons of quality above all, Sir George Jeffries, newly made Lord Chief Justice of England, (the infamous Jeffries) with Mr. Justice Withings, danced with the bride, and were exceedingly merry! These great men spent the rest of the afternoon, till 11 at night, in drinking healths, taking tobacco, and talking much beneath the gravity of Judges who had but a day or two before condemned Mr. Algernon Sydney, who was executed the 7th Dec. 1683, on Tower-hill, on the single witness of that monster of a man, Lord Howard of Escrick, (one of the noble Howards!) and some sheets of paper taken in Mr. Sydney's study, pretended to be written by him, but not fully proved.—*Evelyn's Memoirs*.

Parallel of the Sexes.—The great Author of the Universe hath distributed to each of the sexes such a partition of qual-

ities as is well calculated to excite our admiration:

MAN is strong, **WOMAN** is beautiful,
daring and confident, **is diffident & unassuming,**
great in action, **great in suffering,**
shines abroad, **at home,**
talks to convince, **to persuade and please,**
has a rugged heart, **relieves it,**
has science, **taste,**
judgment, **sensibility,**
is a being of justice, **of mercy.**

Scholarship.—When Sir John Nisbet, of Dirlenton, was, about the end of the last century, his Majesty's Advocate for Scotland, the school of Dirlenton became vacant by the death of the incumbent. All the neighbourhood were apprised of it, and, as the emoluments annexed to the office were not inconsiderable, it became an object of consequence to several, whose obscure line of life did not put them in the way of great expectations. Accordingly, several people intended to make application to Sir John; and, among the rest, one whose education was not reckoned remarkable, and altogether without friend or interest, determined to go to the baronet in person, and to submit his parts and knowledge of his profession, as a country school-master, to Sir John's examination. Upon knocking at the door, he was accosted by the butler, whose name was Hugh. He demanded of the countryman what he wanted? He told him in return that he had heard of the vacancy of the school, and meant to make application to his honour; but access was not to be got so easily as he imagined: for Hugh, in case of success, demanded of the poor fellow, as a bribe, no less than five hundred merks. The candidate, surprised at this, told him he was a very poor man, and was not possessed of so much in the world, but promised to make him what amends he could afford. At last access was got, and he was ushered into the library, where Sir John was then sitting. Upon being asked what he wanted, he told the baronet the errand he came upon. Sir John then put several questions to him, and, among the rest, asked if he understood Latin; to which he answered, “Not much.”—“Come,” says Sir John, taking up Despauter's Latin Grammar, “you must explain a rule to me; and, opening the book, the rule which accidentally occurred was this:—

“*Eu, ecce, hem, primum, quartum, quintum, requirunt,*
Heu petit et quintum, velut O, hei vacue dativum.

The poor fellow, making a thousand apologies for his ignorance, proceeded thus:

“*Eu, ecce, hem, primum,—So, you see,*

your honour, I'm first; Quartum, quintum, ve requirunt,—There will be four

or five seeking it; Heu petit et quintum,

—Hugh, the butler, seeks five hundred merks for it; *Velut O,—Like a Cypher as he is;* *Hei vacue dativum,—But wae-*

worth me if I gie him't. Sir John was

so much delighted with the pleasantries and ready wit of the fellow, that he not

only that instant presented him to the school, but gave him a bottle of the best wine in his cellar.

Repartee.—A Paris journal has the following story:—A young actor, attached to one of the theatres royal, offered his services to a proprietor of the *Vau-deville*, to succeed Gontier. “You think then, sir, that you possess abilities to fill his place?” “Yes, sir, my brother will tell you.”—“But Gontier played many parts—lovers, disguised characters.” “That's very true; but my brother—” “Oh, I know your brother; he is a clever man; but *Piron* also had a brother, who could not have done the *Metromenie*.” “I have nevertheless reason to believe that my services would be of advantage to the *Vau-deville*, and agreeable to the public; for before he made his debut at your theatre, Gontier was hissed at the *Opera Comique*.” “Granted; and in the whole field of comparison, that is the only point of resemblance that exists between him and you.”

THE TRAVELLER.

'Tis pleasant through the loop-holes of retreat,
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd.

COWPER.

PORT JACKSON AND SIDNEY CAVE.

From the French of M. Peron.

M. Peron the naturalist, who sailed on the voyage of discovery, undertaken by order of Buonaparte, in the southern hemisphere, between 1800 and 1804, by the ships *Le Geographe*, *le Naturaliste*, and *le Casuarina*, has furnished the most particular, and the most interesting account of Port Jackson, and of Sidney town, that has yet appeared. From this gentleman's account of the voyage, we have made the following extract:

It was on the 27th of June, in the evening, (says M. Peron)—that our vessel arrived in sight of Port Jackson, and a few days afterwards, the other two ships got safe into the harbour.

Our arrival did not excite so much surprise amongst the colonists, as might have been expected; but for ourselves, we were completely astonished at the flourishing state in which we found this singular, and distant, establishment: the beauty of the Port, at first attracted our whole attention. From an entrance of not more than two miles across, Port Jackson gradually opens, till it forms a spacious harbour, with sufficient depth of water for the largest ships, and room enough to contain in perfect safety, all that could on any occasion be collected. Even a thousand ships of the line might manœuvre here with ease. The bay takes a western direction, extends to the distance of thirteen miles inland, and has at least a hundred little creeks, formed by very narrow tongues of land, which afford excellent shelter against winds, from any point of the compass.

Towards the middle of this magnificent port, and on its southern bank, in one of the principal creeks, rises Sydney Town, the capital of the county of Cumberland, and of all the English colonies in this part of the world: seated at the base of two hills, that are contiguous to each other, and having the advantage of a rivulet, which runs completely through it, this infant town affords a view, at once agreeable and picturesque. To the right, and at the north point of Sydney Cove, you perceive the signal battery, which is built upon a rock, difficult of access; six pieces of cannon, protected by a turf entrenchment, cross their fire with that of another battery, and thus defend, in the most effectual manner, the approach to the harbour and the town. Farther on, appear the large buildings that form the hospital, and which are capable of containing two or three hundred sick. Amongst these buildings is one particularly worthy of notice, as all the parts of it were prepared in Europe, and brought out in Commodore Philip's squadron; so that in a few days after its arrival, there was an hospital ready to receive such of the crews as were sick. On the same side of the town, at the sea shore, you observe a very fine magazine, to which the largest ships can come up and discharge their cargoes. In the same direction are several private docks, in which are built brigs and cutters of different sizes, for the purpose of trading either in land, or beyond the colony.—These vessels, which are from fifty to three hundred tons burthen, are built entirely with the native wood; even their masts are obtained from the forests of the colony.

The discovery of the Strait, which separates New Holland from Van Diemen's land, was made in a simple whale sloop, commanded by Mr. Bass, the surgeon of the *Reliance*. This vessel may be said to have been consecrated to that great discovery, and hazardous navigation; for it is preserved in the harbour, with a sort of religious veneration; some

snuff-boxes have been made out of its keel, of which the possessors are both proud and jealous; and the governor himself thought he could not make a more acceptable present to our chief than a piece of the wood of this sloop, encased in a large silver tooth-pick box; round which, were engraved the principal particulars of the discovery of Bass's straits.

The whole western part of this spot is occupied by the house of the lieutenant-governor general; behind which is a vast garden, well worth the attention both of the philosopher and the naturalist, on account of the great number of useful vegetables which are cultivated in it, and which have been procured from every part of the world, by its present respectable possessor, Mr. Patterson, a distinguished traveller, and member of the Royal Society of London. Between the house and the magazine just mentioned, is the public school: here are educated in the principles of religion, morality, and virtue, those young females, who are the hope of the rising colony; but whose parents are either too degenerate, or too poor, to give them proper instruction.—In the public school, however, under respectable matrons, they are taught from their earliest years, all the duties of a good mother of a family. Such is one great advantage of the excellent colonial system, established in these distant regions.

At the east point of the creek is a second battery, the fire of which crosses that of the signal station. The one of which I am now speaking, was dismantled at the time of our arrival at Port Jackson; but it has been put in order since our departure. On shore, as you approach the town, is a small salt-pit, where the Americans, who were allowed to settle for the purpose at port Jackson, in 1795, prepared most of the salt used in the colony. Farther on, and towards the bottom of the harbour, is the point called Government creek, because it is reserved for the agents and vessels of the state. Between this creek and the salt-pit is the place for docking and careening the ships. The natural quays are so perpendicular and well-formed, that without any kind of labour or expense on the part of the English, the largest ships might be laid along them in perfect security. Near the government creek are three public magazines, one of which contains all the articles necessary for the various purposes of domestic life, such as earthenware, household furniture, culinary utensils, instruments of agriculture, &c. The number of these articles which is here amassed is truly astonishing, and the mode in which they are delivered out is wise and salutary. In this distant country, the merchandise of Europe bears so high a price, that it would have been next to impossible for the population to procure such as are indispensable to the common wants of life; the English governor has therefore anticipated these wants, by filling large store-houses with every article that can be required, all of which are delivered to the colonists at fixed prices, that are extremely moderate; sometimes even below what they cost in Europe.—But in order to prevent avaricious speculations, or waste, no one is admitted into these depots without a written order from the governor; in which are specified the articles which the bearer is in need of. In another house, are preserved the different uniforms and clothing for the troops and convicts, as well as vast quantities of sail-cloth and cordage for the government ships. The last of the three buildings just mentioned is a kind of public manufacturer; in which are employed female convicts. Behind these magazines is the governor's house, which is built in the Italian style, surrounded by a colonnade, as simple as it is elegant, and in front of which is a fine garden that descends to the sea shore; already in this garden may be seen, the Norfolk Island pine, the superb *Columbia*, growing by the

side of the bamboo of Asia: farther on is the Portugal orange, and Canary fig, ripening beneath the shade of the French apple-tree: the cherry, peach, pear, and apricot, are interspersed amongst the Banksia, Metrosideros, Correa, Thelialeuca, Casuarina, Eucalyptus, and a great number of indigenous trees. Beyond the government garden, on the other side of a neighbouring hill, is the windmill, the bakehouse, and the state ovens, that are used for making sea biscuit: these are capable of furnishing from fifteen to eighteen hundred pounds per day. Not far from a contiguous creek, at a spot which the natives call Wallamoula, is the charming habitation of Mr. Palmer, the commissary general; a rivulet of fresh water runs before, and empties itself into the creek, which here forms a safe and convenient basin. Here Mr. Palmer has built several small vessels, which he employs in whale fishing, and catching phœnix, or sea elephants, either at New Zealand, or in Bass's Straits. The neighbouring brick-fields furnish a considerable quantity of bricks and tiles, for the public and private buildings of the colony.

A short distance to the southward of Sydney Town, to the left of the great road that leads to Parramatta, you observe the remains of the first gibbet that was erected on the continent of New Holland. The increase of habitations having caused it to be, as it were, surrounded, it has been succeeded by another, that has been erected farther off in the same direction and near the village of brick-field. This village, which consists of about two score of houses, contains several manufactorys of tiles, earthenware, crockery, &c. its site is agreeable, and the soil, less sterile than that of Sydney, is better adapted to the different kinds of cultivation that have been introduced into these distant regions. The great road just mentioned, passes through the middle of Brick-field; while a small rivulet intersects it in an opposite direction; between this village and Sydney Town, is the public burying-ground, which is already rendered an object of interest and curiosity, by several striking monuments that have been erected in it; and the execution of which is much better than could reasonably have been expected from the state of the arts in so young a colony.

A crowd of objects, equally interesting, demanded our notice in every direction. In the port we saw drawn up together, a number of vessels that had arrived from different parts of the world and most of which were destined to perform new and difficult voyages. Some of them had come from the banks of the Thames, or the Shannon, to pursue whale fishing on the frigid shores of New Zealand: others, bound to China, after depositing the freight which they had received from the English government, for this colony, were preparing to sail for the mouth of the Yellow river; while some, laden with pit-coal, were about to convey that precious combustible to India, and the Cape of Good Hope.—Several smaller vessels were on their way to Bass's Straits, to receive skins, collected by a few individuals, who had established themselves on the isles of those Straits, to catch the marine animals that resort to them. Other ships, stronger built than those just alluded to, and manned by more numerous and daring crews, who were provided with all kinds of arms, were on the point of sailing for the western coast of America, laden with various sorts of merchandise: these were intended to carry on, by force of arms, a contraband trade on the Peruvian shores, which could not fail to prove advantageous to the adventurers. Here they were preparing an expedition, to carry on a skin trade, with the people of the north-west shores of America; there, all hands were engaged in sending off a fleet of provisions to the

Navigators, the Friendly, and the Society islands, to procure for the colony a stock of salt provisions. At the same time, the intrepid Captain Flinders, after effecting a junction for his companion ship, the *Lady Nelson*, was getting ready to continue his grand voyage round New Holland, a voyage which was soon afterwards terminated by the greatest misfortunes. In short, at this period, the harbour of Port Jackson had become familiar to the American navigators, and their flag was continually flying in it during our residence. All these great maritime operations gave to the place a character of importance and activity, far beyond what we expected to meet with on shores, scarcely known to Europeans, even by name; and the interest we took in the scene, was only equalled by our admiration.

The population of the colony, was to us a new subject of astonishment and contemplation. Perhaps there never was a more worthy object of study presented to the Philosopher;—never was the influence of social institutions provided in a manner more striking and honourable to the distant country in question. Here we found united like one family, those banditti, who had so long been the terror of their mother country, repelled from European society, and sent off to the extremity of the globe; placed, from the very hour of their exile, in a state between the certainty of chastisement, and the hope of a better fate; incessantly subjected to an inspection, as inflexible as it is active, they have been compelled to abandon their anti-social manners, and the majority of them, having expiated their crimes by a hard period of slavery, have been restored to the rank which they held amongst their fellow men. Obliged to interest themselves in the maintenance of order and justice, for the purpose of preserving the property which they have acquired; while they behold themselves in the situation of husbands and fathers, they have the most interesting and powerful motives for becoming good members of the community in which they exist.—The same revolution, effected by the same means, has taken place amongst the women; and those who were wretched prostitutes, have imperceptibly been brought to a regular mode of life, and now form intelligent and laborious mothers of families.

While we were reflecting on these numerous and interesting subjects, all the officers and principal citizens of the colony were unremitting in their assiduities towards us. Our numerous sick were received in the government hospital, where the English surgeons paid them all possible attention. Doctor Thompson, the chief physician of the colony, directed the mode of treatment with the greatest tenderness; and whatever we were in need of, that the place could furnish, was put at our disposal. The governor gave to us an unlimited credit on the public treasury, and our Commodore general was furnished with royal printed cheques, to fill up, with any sum that he might wish for; and these cheques, without any other security than the signature of the French Commandant, were accepted by the inhabitants, with a confidence highly honourable to the government of our country. Our salt provisions, spirits, and biscuit, were exhausted, but by means of these cheques, we obtained fresh supplies; and several times the magazines of the colony were opened to supply us with articles, which our agents could not procure. Thus, by this generous relief, we were enabled to re-clothe our crews, who were in want of every thing; repair our ships; purchase one, instead of that we had lost; and be completely prepared for continuing our voyage.

At the same time, our scientific researches met with every encouragement.

ment; a guard of English soldiers was appointed expressly to protect our observatory, which we placed on the north point of the eastern bank of Sydney Cove. The whole of the country was open to the excursion of our naturalists, and we were even permitted to wear our arms, as were the persons of our suite; while guides and interpreters were furnished us, for our longest journeys. In short, the English government behaved to us with such generosity, that they acquired our warmest gratitude.

LITERATURE.

THE ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

One of the London weekly Journals for May, contains the following critical remarks on the leading periodical magazines, published in Great Britain—Except what is said of "The Old Monthly," (the observations on which are somewhat hypercritical, and unmerited.) The writer seems to have delineated the characters of these vehicles of amusement, scandal and frivolity, with a tolerably candid pen.

Blackwood's Magazine—Though the first upon our list is by no means the most eminent in quality. It has long been declining; the personalities and abuse in which it used to indulge, have disgusted and fatigued most persons, and as it has no other strength, it may be considered as *hors de combat*. Securilley soon comes to an end, cuffs and contempt have put an end to the chief attraction of this magazine.

Turpiter obtinet, sublato jure norendi.

In the present number there is a clever Spanish tale; sketches of Scottish characters may be good in Scotland, but they are not so here. Col. Stewart's sketches of the Highland Regiments is well reviewed; *Noctes Ambrosiana*, No. II. are more stupid and abusive, if possible, than No. I. If the ale of Mr. Ambrose has no better effect upon Mr. North, he had better change his beverage. We think a diet of bread and water, with the wholesome discipline of a house of correction would mend his morals and his manners. The other articles are of lead itself.

The London Magazine, is Blackwood's formidable rival. Too honest to essay the same dirty paths, and with too much talent to need the assistance of slander, it proceeds to improve. Its chief faults is an attempt at wit. Janus Weathercock, who always wishes to be smart, misses his mark often; he is a slender critic in matters of taste, and as a joker, still less happy. We like him nevertheless. Gratitude obliges us to be civil to a gentleman who labours so earnestly to make us laugh. But Elia is enough to reconcile us to greater impertinencies than even Mr. Weathercock. His Essay in praise of Chimney Sweepers, is delightful. The scene is Bartholemew Fair, where his humorous friend Jem White regales the sooty rogues with fried sausages, is a fine piece of sustained burlesque. There is also a life of Patrick Henry, the orator of Virginia; it is a powerful piece of writing, but if it were not for displaying our ignorance, (a thing not to be named among Editors) we should frankly confess that we had never heard of the wonders there related of the effect of his oratory; that we recollect ed his name but slightly. Mr. Martin's Pictures have, as they deserve, a decent share of castigation. A spirited War Song by Mr. Montgomery, and a milk and water effusion to a Cowslip, by John Clare, may serve to shew the difference between good and bad poetry, even of the middling kind. Don Giovanni the 18th, in ridicule of the Moncrieff style of play-writing, is worse than Moncrieff himself. A paper on Jan de la Perouse is clever.

The New Monthly, contains a continuation of Mr. Campbell's Lectures on Poe-

try. It comprises the oracular, lyric, elegiac styles. It is to be regretted that a magazine which has the advantage of this gentleman's important assistance, is not better supported in the inferior departments. Grimm's Ghost is below contempt. Mr. P.'s Journey to London is, if possible, worse; both are pert and vapid. The article on the selections from the old Spanish poetry, is however, worthy its place in Mr. Campbell's company. Similar praise is due to an article on the Emperor Frederick the Second and his Minister, Petro delle Vigne.—The Campaigns of a Cornet are dull; the paper on lips and kissing, inexcusably stupid, the subject ought to have inspired the writer. This delightful month of May is the subject of another essay, but we cannot praise it. Hazlitt's Table talk is about Burleigh House and the pictures in it, and things in general; it is vulgar but amusing, such as men of genius, but slender acquirements, (of which description is Mr. H.) usually vent by the hour when they are more than half drunk.

The Old Monthly, is precisely such an affair as you may have seen, in an old family common-place book in the country, where directions for the rearing of poultry are found on the same page with an extract from Wilkes's seditious trash, and following that, a Pastoral, by a Lady; and then a description of a new invented roasting-jack. Just of such materials is this collection composed.—Then is Radical stuff by "Common Sense," and Southey is called a rymester; the latter instance of good taste is enough, we think. The Magazine is however, unfit for London; a very amusing compilation for the country, and if the Editor would let politics alone, his miscellany would be the best old Woman's Magazine in the world.

The Brighton wants force; it is loyal, and conducted in a proper gentlemanly style, but it is deficient in energy; there are some clever papers, and among others—one of the Italian Pantomimes. Industry and spirit might make this better.

The European, which has long been very bad promises to be better in future. It is announced to be in different hands, and certainly some improvement is already visible. We shall wait.

FRENCH JOURNALS.

PARIS, May 29, 1822.

For want of something more interesting a few words on the principal Journals of Paris may, I hope, prove not unacceptable. They are, of course, divided into the same compartments as the Chamber of Deputies, viz:—The *extreme Droite*, consisting of MM. Marcellus, Donadieu, De Bourville and others, who, it is said, aim at re-establishing the parliament of Paris, annihilating the Charter, and returning to the Government of Louis XV. Next to this division sits M. Laisne and his partisans, M. de Mezey, &c.; this is the *centre Droite*. Next follows the *centre Gauche*, containing, in the first rank MM. Ternoux, Delessert, Royer-Collart, Beugnot, &c.; and to make up this discordant quartetto, there is the *extreme Gauche*, composed of MM. Lafayette, B. Constant, Chauvelin and others, too well known to need particularizing. The *Quotidienne* is the official organ of the *extreme Droite*; no article appears in it without having been approved of by a council of Ultras of the very deepest dye. The *Drapeau Blanc* is the Thermes of this party. It is chiefly edited by a worthless fellow (*un garde-magasin*) named Martainville, who, in 1793, wrote laudatory articles upon the *Sainte Guillotine*. The *Gazette de France* is less Ultra and more Ministerial than the *Quotidienne*. It enjoys a pension from M. Metternich. It sometimes bears away the palm of absurdity and dulness from the *Journal de Paris*, which is in the interest of M. de Cazes, and may, be termed *Journal de la Bascule*, that to-day lauds the constitutional regime, and to-morrow loudly calls

for a coup d'état. One of the heroes of this paper is M. Terneaux. The *Constitutionnel* is the paper which has the greatest number of subscribers (from 16 to 18 thousand,) and is the best got up journal in Paris. There is no article allowed to appear in it until after being submitted to, and sanctioned by a *clerc de Liberaux*. M. Etienne, a deputy, is one of the principal Editors.—M. Chevassat, the proprietor, purchased it some years ago for 40,000 francs—it now returns him a hundred thousand francs a year. Its literary expenses do not exceed much above a hundred thousand francs. It pays high for foreign intelligence, and has consequently, the best of any French journal. Its literary articles are weak and stupid. The only respectable rival the *Constitutionnel* has is the *Journal des Debats*, a hypocritical paper, edited by three Jesuits. It is, in general, in the service of the *centre Droite*. From time to time, M. Chateaubriant—who is a great friend of the printer, Le Normand, who lends him money, inserts some articles (*centre Gauche*) in it. It is this circumstance which leads some good natured people to suppose that Mr. Chateaubriant (who for eight months back has been on the point of becoming Minister) would be less unreasonable and dangerous than M. Peyronnet; they say, "there is at least one good thing in M. Chateaubriant, he is not altogether an orthodox believer." The *Journal des Debats* was the only literary Journal during the Imperial Regime.—The amusing and cynical *Abbe Geoffroy*, by his articles in it, raised the amount of its subscriptions to five hundred thousand francs a year. In those articles, he endeavoured to prove, four times a week, with great animation and piquancy, that Voltaire was a sot. One of its best writers at present is Mr. Dessaulx, the only man who defends with any kind of talent the three unities. His articles on literature and music are in general inferior to those of the other Journals. The *Courrier Francais* is the bragadocio of the Liberal party, as the *Drapeau Blanc* is of the Ultra party. It inserts articles that the *Constitutionnel* would not dare to do, for fear of losing its subscribers. In this paper there are at times some very excellent articles upon literature. Mr. Jouy, ex-reducteur of the *Minerve*, is the editor of the *Courier*. The *Miroir* is a journal full of wit and point, but so perfectly local and Parisian, that it is unintelligible at St. Denis, which is but two leagues from Paris. Its strength consists in fine-spun epigrams and almost impalpable allusions, which so much annoyed the Ultras, that M. Bonald had a law passed, particularly directed against the *Miroir*. The superannuated Madame de Genlis edits a periodical libel called *La Foudre* (the thunderbolt), pretty much in the same style as the *Beacon* of Edinburgh. In one of its numbers, M. de la Fayette was designated as a *forçat libéré* (a pardoned galley slave.) Some persons in power pay the amount of 250 subscriptions to this *Foudre*. There is an evening paper, the *Etoile*, of nearly the same force and character as the last mentioned paper. It is only read when there is an expectation of some late news in the day, or for the debates when the Chamber is sitting; the Ministers pay it 6000 francs per month. There is also the *Pilote*, a Liberal paper, but of very confined circulation.

THE DRAMA.

—Whilst the Drama bows to Virtue's cause,
To aid her precepts, and enforce her laws,
So long the just and generous will befriend,
And triumph on her efforts will attend.

Phœn.

CATILINE, A TRAGEDY. .
The Rev. George Croly, a clergyman of England, has recently published a volume of poems, among which we find a tragedy in five acts, entitled *Catiline*,

the name given to a similar production from the pen of Ben Johnson, the second great dramatist of England.—Great, however, as Johnson's name is, it has not sustained the reputation of his play, owing, evidently, to his crude conception of the subject. Johnson's hero is a headlong and blackened villain from the first scene; all the fine dramatic opportunities to be found in the struggle of the nobler and the more guilty qualities of a powerful spirit; the perplexities that make a sagacious mind pause, and the temptations that hurry an intemperate ambition to desperate and irretrievable enterprise, are thrown aside, and *Catiline* is presented as a rude incendiary, in defiance of dramatic interest, nature, and history.—The present tragedy adopts the character on the eve of his final decision of conspiracy; follows it through the doubts and anxieties of treason; pictures *Catiline* in the fierceness of a bold spirit, made furious at once by disappointment and by hope; and, after exhibiting him in the full outrage of his passions, closes his career by death, in the moment when triumph lay before his eyes.

There are other characters which sustain an important share in the action. *Hamilcar*, an African Prince, almost the dramatic rival of *Catiline*—a compound of ferocity and noble feeling, barbarian grandeur and barbarian subtlety; at once a Prince, a slave, and a magician. The females are, the wife of *Catiline*, and a Greek Priestess, loved by *Hamilcar*; the former, a daring, impassioned, high-minded woman, by whom *Catiline* is urged to his revolt; the latter, an enthusiast, deeply bewitched by love, expending her whole soul in dreams of passion.

The play abounds in what is technically termed business. Every act has some strong tumultuous incident, which would occupy the crowds and the machinery of the stage. The following is the first appearance of the hero, after his defeat at the election. The guests are waiting at his banquet to congratulate him on his supposed success. He rushes into the hall, flings himself into a chair, alarming and surprising them all; and, in the midst of their wandering circle, bursts out into a sudden explosion of his injuries, in contempt for all human things, and predictions of Rome's downfall:—

CATILINE.

"Are their not times, patricians, when great States Rush to their ruin? Rome is no more like Rome, Than a foul dungeon's like the glorious sky!
What is she now? Degenerate, gross, defiled; The tainted haunt, the gorged receptacle—
Of every slave and vagabond of earth;
A mighty grave, that luxury has dug,
To rid the other realms of pestilence;
And of the mountain of corruption there,
Which once was human beings, prostrate
A buzzing, fluttering swarm; or venom-toothed;
A viper broad;—insects and reptiles only."

These are merely the prefatory interjections; but these a powerful actor might fill with power. The haughty contempt; the bitter indignation; and, under all this, the deep and sullen miseries of a spirit incurably bruised, might exercise all the vigour of the living stage. We now give a few random extracts:

ROMAN LUXURY.

"Your halls shall be a pile of gorgeousness;
Tapestry of India; Tyrian enamels;
Herculean bronzes; pictures half divine,
Appelles' pencil; statues that the Greek
Has wrought to living beauty; amethyst urns,
Couches of mother pearl, and tortoise shell;
Crystalline mirrors; tables, in which gems
Make the mosaic; cups of argentry,
Thick with immortal sculptures."

A SERENADER.

"—Your lyre
Has broke the rest of many a stately dame,
Who left her curtains tenantless, to gaze,
Where the skilled minstrel sent his music on
Up through the moonshoe."

A HUNTER.

"Cethegus asks
No better kingdom than these forest hills.
The sun should never find me in my hut,
Nor evening see me homewards, but with spoil
Of stately venison hanging at my back,
Or boar's head on my spear: my horn should be
My music, worth a thousand twanging harps;
My honest courtiers, my bold, bridled dogs;
My palae pomps, the trophies of the chase,
Antlers and tusky skull's the eagle's plume,
Vulture and otter, bear and villain fox,
Hung round my healthy walls."

A NECROMANCER.

"I could now
Arch this high wall with fire, or sudden blood.—
Cover your floors with vipers I have power
To summon shrinking spirits from the grave;
To bring the hungry lion from his spoil;
To make the serpent worship at my feet;
To fling th' eclipse's mantle round the morn,
Turning her light to blood; nay, bind a spell
So strong upon the mountains of the air,
That all the stars should sicken, and unsherd,
Throw night into confusion, or foretell,
In blazonry, like day, the fate of those
Who grasp at empire."

LOVE.

"Speak to me thus, and I will be Love's slave;
I'll build him altars—he shall have all flowers
Of vale, or hill, or fountain, and all fruits,
That melt in autumn's baskets; nay, the gold
Of Hesperus' garden were too slight a gift
To honour him."

ROYALTY.

"You shall be a Queen!
Numidia's Queen! Thron'd by my side. Your steps
Shall be on gold dust; pards and lions chain'd
Shall draw your chariot; you shall have a host
Of vassal monarchs flashing round your march,
Like living towers of gems."

VALOUR.

"When men are brave, the sickle is a spear!
Must Freedom pine till the slow armourer
Gilds her caparison, and sends her out
To glitter and play antics in the sun?
Let hearts be what they ought—the naked earth
Will be their magazine; the rocks; the trees—
Nay, there's no idle and unnoted thing,
But in the hands of Valour will out-thrust
The spear, and make the mail a mockery."

SCIENCE.

"To die! in days when helms are burnishing,
When Heaven and earth are ripening for a change,
And die by my own hand! Give up the game
Before the dice are thrown! clamour for chains
Before the stirring trumpet sounds the charge!
Bind up my limbs, a voluntary mark
For the world's enginery, the ruffian gibe,
The false friend's sneer, the spurn of the safe foe,
The sickly, sour hypocrisy, that loves
To find a wretch to make its moral of,
Crushes the fallen, and calls it charity!
Sleep in your sheath."—(He puts up the rapier.)

SCENERY.—It has been a question of much literary controversy, whether in the ancient English theatres, there were side and other scenes. The question is involved in so much obscurity, that it is difficult to decide upon it. In Shakespeare's time, the want of scenery seems to have been supplied by the simple expedient of writing the names of the different places where the scene was laid in the progress of the play upon large scrolls, which were disposed in such a manner, as to be visible to the audience.

In the year 1605, Inigo Jones exhibited an entertainment at Oxford, in which moveable scenes were used; and he appears to have introduced in the masques at court, several pieces of machinery, with which the public theatres were then unacquainted, as the mechanism of our ancient stages seldom went beyond a painted chair, or a trap door. When King Henry the Eighth is to be discovered by the Dukes of Suffolk and Norfolk, reading in his study, the scenerical direction in the first folio edition of Shakespeare's plays, printed in 1623, apparently from playhouse copies, is—the king draws the curtain, and sits reading pensively; for besides the principal curtains that hung in front of the stage, they used others as substitutes for scenes. If a bed chamber was to be exhibited, no change of scene was to be mentioned;

but the property man was simply ordered to thrust forth a bed. When the fable required the Roman capitol to be exhibited, two officers entered "to lay cushions as it were in the capitol." On the whole it appears, that the ancient English theatres in general were only furnished with curtains, which opened in the middle, and were drawn backwards and forwards on an iron rod; and a single scene composed of tapestry, which was sometimes perhaps ornamented with pictures: and some passages in our old dramas seem to favour the opinion, that when tragedies were performed, the stage was hung in black.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

—Science has sought on weary wing
By sea and shore each mute and living thing.

CAMPBELL.

VOLCANOES AND EARTHQUAKES.

All parts of the earth are exposed to the effects of volcanic phenomena. The principal volcanoes in Europe are about 120 or 130. Etna, Vesuvius, Hecla, Strombolo, Vulcano, and Lipari, are the chief. There are many others in different parts of the world, which we cannot enumerate. For a more particular account of all the burning mountains at present known, we must refer to Gisborne's *Natural Theology*. Of the causes of volcanic convulsions and eruptions we know but little with certainty; but it has been observed, that in those places where volcanoes exist, and where the causes of earthquakes appear to reside, *pyrites*, which is a composition of iron and sulphur, abounds, and not unfrequently sulphur in its native state: this latter substance is generally found in large quantities in extinct volcanoes. It is well known, that when large quantities of pyrites are piled together, and sufficiently moistened with water, they soon ignite, and continue to burn for a considerable time. It is, therefore, probable that the ignition of this substance is the cause of volcanoes. But how it becomes influenced at those immense depths where volcanic fires rage, philosophy has not yet ascertained; the fact, nevertheless, seems unquestionable. And that these substances do exist in large quantities in volcanoes is evidenced, from the strong sulphuric effluvia which accompanies volcanic eruptions, and from a chemical analysis of the lava which is ejected, in which a considerable proportion of iron is always found.

These fires being kindled, they become so intense as to melt whatever substances may be exposed to their operation, and extend their ravages to a vast distance around. At length, water rushing in upon this melted mass, it is instantly converted into an elastic vapour, or steam, whose expansive power nothing can resist, and which rapidly opens for itself a passage through the incumbent strata, which afterwards becomes the crater, from which the melted lava often flows in incredible quantities, devastating the surrounding country for many miles, or covering it with ashes to a considerable depth. Nor let it be imagined that steam is an agent too weak to effect those tremendous convulsions which frequently attend earthquakes. For one single drop of water falling into a furnace of melted copper, would blow up the whole of the building, (which has been affirmed,) who can conceive what effects would result from a stream of water forcing its way over a mass of lava many miles in extent, and most intensely heated? Some philosophers have, indeed, attributed earthquakes to electricity, but without sufficient *data*. It is true, that the smoke and vapour of volcanoes are found to be highly electrical; but this may arise from the influence of volcanic phenomena upon the atmosphere. Steam is the only agent to which we can rationally attribute these effects;

and from the circumstance of vast volumes of steam and hot water being often discharged from the craters of volcanoes at the time of an eruption, we may reasonably infer that this is the real cause of earthquakes; at least, till philosophy shall assign one more probable.

That the agent which exists in the vast and awful caverns of burning mountains, possesses a most astonishing power, is ascertained from many facts. At a considerable distance around the craters of volcanoes, are found immense stones, which have, unquestionably, been ejected at the times of their most violent eruptions. One such stone is found eight miles from the principal crater of Etna, weighing not less than sixteen tons. The stone has evidently been ejected in a solid and coherent mass. What an astonishing force, then, was necessary to raise this body of matter from the volcanic focus, and to project it to that height in the atmosphere, to which its distance from the crater, being eight miles, proves that it must have been elevated? The mountain itself, is at least ten thousand feet high; and the gulf from which this stone came, may probably be as much below, nay, it may possibly be many miles; to raise a weight of sixteen tons twenty or thirty thousand feet, under the greatest disadvantages, arising from the rocks, which, it most likely, project from the sides of the passage through which it came, and to throw it eight miles from the summit of the crater, requires the application of a force which exceeds the power of our imagination to conceive. And this is by no means a solitary instance. Sir William Hamilton informs us, that at the time of the great eruption of Vesuvius, in 1779, a vast stream of melted lava was projected to the height of, at least, ten thousand feet above the top of the mountain.

It appears that different volcanoes have some connexion with each other, and with lakes and springs over a great portion of the earth's surface. At the time of the memorable earthquake, which destroyed Lisbon, in the year 1755, in which about sixty thousand human beings perished in a moment, many of the springs and lakes in Britain and several parts of Europe were violently agitated; some of them threw up mud and sand, and emitted a fetid odour. The morning of the earthquake, the hot springs of Topitz, in Bohemia, suddenly ceased to flow for a minute, and then burst forth with prodigious violence, throwing up turbid water of a high temperature. The hot wells at Bristol were coloured red, and rendered unfit for use for some months afterwards. This earthquake extended even across the Atlantic, and the water of the distant Lake Ontario was violently agitated. After this earthquake, Europe, Africa, and America were for some time repeatedly agitated by subterranean explosions. Etna, which had been in a state of profound repose for eighty years, broke out with great activity; and some of the most tremendous earthquakes and volcanic eruptions, ever recorded in history, were witnessed in Mexico.

Of the horrid devastations occasioned by earthquakes, and the eruptions of volcanoes, we must select but a few instances. About 500 years before Christ, an earthquake at Sparta destroyed more than 20,000 Lacedemonians. Josephus mentions an earthquake in Judea, by which 10,000 persons perished. The most tremendous of ancient earthquakes is that mentioned by Pliny, which occurred in Asia Minor, and swallowed up twelve cities. Antioch has been thrice buried, with large tracts of the adjacent country: the second time 40,000 perished, and within sixty years after, it was again destroyed with 60,000 inhabitants. In the year A. D. 79, by an eruption from Vesuvius, both the extensive cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum were destroyed, and the places where

they stood were not even known till lately. An earthquake in Jamaica, in 1692, destroyed in two minutes Port Royal, the capital of the island, and sunk the houses in a gulf forty fathoms deep. In the year 1633, an earthquake in Calabria swallowed up the city of Euphrasia, and all its inhabitants leaving its site occupied by a lake. In 1693 an earthquake in Sicily shook the whole island, when fifty-four cities and towns, besides an incredible number of villages and houses, were either destroyed or greatly damaged; and of the magnificent city of Catania, there was not a trace of its existence to be seen, and we are assured that of 18,900 inhabitants, 18,000 perished. The earthquake which destroyed Lisbon, already mentioned, extended over a tract of at least four millions of square miles. Sir William Hamilton informs us, that in 1783, the dreadful earthquake which took place in Italy and Sicily, destroyed all the cities and towns within a circle of forty-four miles in diameter. In the course of last summer only, dreadful havoc was occasioned in the East Indies by one of the awful visitations. An account nearly similar might be presented of the destructive effects of volcanic eruptions. Sir T. S. Raffles, in his *History of Java*, states, that at the eruption of Papandayang, in 1772, the chief part of the mountain fell in, and bore with it the earth to the extent of fifteen miles in length, and six in breadth, and that forty villages were thereby destroyed with several thousand inhabitants. The same authority adds, that the most extraordinary eruptions of Etna and Vesuvius bear no comparison with that of Tamboro in the island of Sumbawa, in the year 1815.

MINERVA MEDICA.

Arsenic.—A man in Leeds procured at a chemist's shop (where necessary precaution was taken in the sale of it) one ounce of arsenic in fine powder, which he took to a public house, and mixed in a glass of beer, drank it off immediately and procured of another man a little more beer to wash out as much of the sediment as he could, which he drank off also. This circumstance exciting some surprise in the company present, one of them required to see the paper out of which he had put the powder, on which was plainly written, "arsenic—poison!" The man was immediately conveyed home, and medical assistance procured, and notwithstanding nearly half an hour must have elapsed before the first application of medicine, and all the first symptoms of poisoning by arsenic had appeared, and continued to increase to the most alarming degree; yet, by the persevering industry and attention of the medical men engaged, the danger was gradually removed, and at the expiration of twenty-four hours from the dose taken (viz. by noon the next day) he was pronounced out of immediate danger, and has subsequently recovered the effects of the poison. The quality of the arsenic was such, that one of the medical gentlemen experienced considerable inconvenience from tasting a very minute portion of it.

The Stomach.—The relative proportion or capacity of the stomach to the dimensions of the general system, seems entirely to influence the mental and bodily energies of man, and of the higher orders of animals. Inactivity everywhere relaxes the animal fibre, whether it be the fibre of muscle or of cellular tissue: and these admit of elongation, in obedience to mechanical weight, or to moving forces of any kind. The circumstance, then, of weighing down the stomach with a load of food, particularly where relaxation of the general fibre is favoured by inactive habits, must tend by degrees, to increase its capaciousness; and in proportion as this is increased, the energies of the brain and of all the organs of sense become diminished;

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the sight, the hearing, and the smell are less exquisitely acute; the palate is not satisfied with simple viands, but requires, according to the fashionable phraseology of the day, something "piquant," something "recherché"; and even the sense of touch is rendered less nice.

It was well observed by the late Dr. Saunders, that we are made gluttons from the cradle, by the officiousness of our nurses. A child's health is disordered from being over fed. It cries and complains from the effects; and with a view to silence it, more food is given; so that the evil is increased instead of remedied, and the capacity of the stomach gradually extended far beyond the salutary bounds of nature. Both the quantity and quality of our food should be proportioned to our habits of bodily exercise. When we have active exercise in the open air, we may with impunity eat a hearty dinner, taking care, even then, to leave off before the appetite is palled: but on days when persons of weak digestion do not go out of doors, and especially when the mind has not been energetically occupied, it would be well to abstain altogether from solid animal food, and satisfy themselves with simple farinaceous matters, in the composition of which care should be taken that eggs are as sparingly used as possible.

Nothing is a grosser blunder than that eggs are eligible for weak digestion, and for the diet of the sick. They never assimilate with the contents of a disordered stomach, but partly coagulate, and form various crudities; and partly generate a noxious vapour, which under its real character of sulphuretted hydrogen, rises from the stomach into the mouth. The colouring material of the yolk of the egg is sulphur, which, combining with the watery contents of the stomach, forms the vapour alluded to. It is the sulphur naturally contained in an egg, which tarnishes a silver spoon; it is the sulphuretted hydrogen of an impure atmosphere which tarnishes silver in general.

Although anxious to impress the advantages of moderation in eating, and the evils which arise from undue indulgences, I wish also to impress the disadvantages and imprudence to weak stomachs of long fasting, conceiving that they should never be more than four hours without the accession of some easy kind of food; and that, even in good health, an interval of 7 or 8 hours is by far too long.

RECEIPT FOR THE CURE OF THE HYDROPHOBIA, FROM THE ORIGINAL.

M. S. of Dr. Lewis, of Manarnoch, N. Y.

An herb [the Sculcap.] grows in low land, mostly at the outlet of swamps; it has square stalks, and notched leaf, red at the root; a purple blow seed in shape of a bell. It must be gathered before or after dog-days. Cure it from the sun.

Cut it up fine, and make it as strong as common tea; and give a child of three years of age one gill at night, and one in the morning, both fasting. Take it two days in like manner, and miss one; the day you miss, take a portion of sulphur sufficient to move the person.

A child of six or eight years old, a gill and a half, a child of twelve years old, a half pint—Eat nothing greasy; drink no spirituous liquors; keep clear from getting your feet wet—Continue on for forty days following the above direction strictly, and it will prove an effectual cure.

For the rheumatism, or gout, double the portion of the above mentioned—Continue on, every day, night and morning, fasting till you get ease; take a portion of sulphur as above every third day.

THE RECORD.

A Thing of Shreds and Patches!—HARLEY

According to the latest intelligence from Rio Janeiro, a complete change had ta-

ken place in the government of Brazil, by a peaceful, but effectual revolution. A Sovereign National Congress has been elected by the people, in which the legislative power is vested, and which perhaps virtually controls, or regulates all other departments of the government. The prince, as king Joseph VI. is nominally the executive head of the nation, which is declared to be independent, and wholly freed from all subservient connexion with Portugal.

The papers from the South continue to furnish particulars which are daily coming to light, relative to the late meditated insurrection of the blacks at Charleston. There are 70 or 80 of these poor deluded people yet to be tried, the most of whom will probably be executed. The discovery was indeed most fortunate; for it appears their arrangements were so extensive, that but for the timely disclosure the whole of South Carolina would in a few days have presented the horrid spectacle once witnessed in St. Domingo.

Extensive preparations are making to manufacture salt at Salina, by evaporation in the sun, instead of boiling, as has hitherto been practised.

A specimen of double milled cassimere, made at the factory of Dr. Daniel Annin, on the Opequon, (Vir.) has been exhibited at Winchester, and is stated to be deserving of the highest commendations. The colour is blue; the price \$3 a yard, and the quality equal to that for which \$3 50 and 4 are asked.

The accounts from every part of the Union, as to the prospects of an abundant harvest, are every way cheering. The late seasonable rains had greatly invigorated their Indian Corn, so that no doubt remains of a fair average crop of this invaluable, and nutritious product.

A common streaked snake which was lately killed at Fredonia, (N. Y.) was found to contain ninety-eight young ones of from 5 to 7 inches in length, all full of life and spirit.

A bill having been filed by Messrs. Lansing and Thayer, patentee of "the rotary shifting piston steam engine," in the U. S. District Court of the Northern New-York district, against the North River Steam Boat Company. His honor Judge Skinner, on Thursday last, granted an injunction, enjoining that company from disturbing or interrupting the use of the patentees' boats impelled by such engines on the Hudson's river."

At a late trial in Vincennes, (Ind.) in name of the State against the State Bank, on a writ of *Quo Warranto*, the jury returned a verdict of guilty on many serious charges alledged by the Counsel in behalf of the prosecution; and the Court in consequence of this verdict, pronounced judgment of forfeiture of the charter of the institution.

A new line of packets from this city to Liverpool, is on the eve of being established. By this arrangement, a weekly communication will be opened with Europe, highly conducive of our commercial interests.

Cunnings and M'Dufie are to fight again on the 10th of August.

Mr. Kean is soon expected in the United States. He promised us another visit in his farewell letter, to fulfil his southern engagement.

Mr. Brahm, the celebrated Vocalist, is also said to have decided on crossing the Atlantic.

The annual commencement of the Union College was held at Schenectady on Wednesday, and seventy-four young men received the degree of Bachelor of Arts.

A manufactory of Isinglass is now in operation at Cape Ann. Those who have used it pronounce it to be superior to the imported article.

Result of an experiment made with wood for candle-wick.—The wood was of a cypress shingle, split to the size of a rye straw, and made round, so that the coat of cotton, which was applied, might be more easily put on by rolling the stick

upon a card which contained the cotton, and which had been previously well carded. The candle with the wooden wick lasted 7 hours, while one of the same size (six to the pound) with cotton wick, lasted but five hours. Agreeably to this experiment, a pound of candles will last forty-two hours, when they would only last thirty, made after the usual way.

A gentleman in whose testimony the fullest reliance may be placed, lately had a full and perfect view, and for a considerable length of time, at Nahant, (Mass.) of the SEA SERPENT, which answered the description, in all respects, already given of this remarkable marine animal. Its length, to all appearance, was about 70 feet, and it raised its head 7 or 8 feet above the water.

Franklin Market opened on Saturday with a handsome display of beef, mutton, fish, vegetables, &c.—On the 4th ult. a sumptuous dinner was given the poor debtors imprisoned in this city, by the Butchers in Fulton Market. The Butchers of the Catharine and Franklin Markets sent them their dinner on Sunday last, and we are informed that they will have a fine dinner sent to them on Sunday next.

The Eastern papers mention that a shock of an earthquake had been felt at Eastport on the 18th ult.

The following display of descriptive talent is from a southern paper, it is that of a run-away. "He is about 5 feet 4 or 5 inches high, an acknowledged liar,

a proven villain, a sandy-haired, red-faced, blue-eyed, long-nosed, stoop-shouldered, gallows-looking, pretentiously learned, stultified, woman-hated, blue-coated, black-vested, grey-pantalooned, dandy-dressed, deceiver—one of those pestiferous insects that often make their flight into the Western Country, destroying as they go the herbage of honesty, and poisoning the foliage of the innocent and unsuspecting, and then take their flight."

Two boys were drowned in the Delaware on Saturday. They had gone in to swim from a raft, and one of them having cried for help, his companion attempted to give it, but failing in his efforts, they both perished.

Mr. George Whitsell of Ithaca village, Tompkins County, was drowned in the Cayuga Lake on the 20th inst.

A Mr. Levi Miller, of Belmont, Ohio, was drowned on the evening of the 9th inst. in the Ohio, while assisting to take a drove of cattle across the river.

On Monday last week, a boy about 12 years old, son of the widow Gregg, of Little Britain, Orange county, was thrown from a horse and killed.

Mrs. Cornelia Jackson, after reciting in the Albany Gazette the wrongs she has endured from her husband, Thomas Jackson, formerly of Montreal, concludes with the following manifesto: "I do now, therefore, consider myself free from him as a wife."

An affray took place in Armstrong co. Pennsylvania, on the 8th, between John Macanish, Jr. and Wm. Russel, who were brothers-in-law, in which Russel was killed.

The Rochester Telegraph of Tuesday last, mentions the death of Squire Hill, who was killed by a man named Nichols, in the town of Gates.

Two persons were fined at N. Brunswick on Monday, for fast driving, in an attempt to pass each other in one of the principal streets, by which the lives of the foot passengers were endangered.

A man of the name of Daniel Baker, of Hamburg, Genesee County, was lately found suspended from a tree in the woods where he had gone to pick raspberries. He is supposed to have committed suicide.

Jonathan Knowlton, of Fowler township, St. Lawrence County, N. Y. committed suicide by hanging himself on Wednesday se'night.

Within the fortnight ending the 23d ult. there have been at Utica the fol-

lowing arrivals and departures, via the Grand Canal: Eighty-four boats, with 6,091 barrels Flour, 995 barrels Salt, 23 barrels Pork, 154 barrels Ashes, 3846 bushels Wheat, 7323 bushels Water-lime, 69373 feet Boards, 12108 gallons Whiskey, 135 M. Shingles, 1117 lbs. Wool, 5 tons Bar Soap, 30 boxes Glass, 14 barrels Oil. Cleared same time:—Sixty-nine boats, with 127 tons merchandise, household goods and passengers.

Consumption.—Completely to eradicate this disorder, I will not positively say the following remedy is capable of doing; but I will venture to affirm that by a temperate mode of living, avoiding spirituous liquors wholly, wearing flannel next the skin, and taking every morning a half pint of new milk mixed with the expressed juice of green hoarhound, the complaint will not only be relieved, but the individual shall procure to himself a length of days beyond what the mildest fever could give room to hope for.

We learn that the Brig Warrior, with the advice of his council has forbidden the Missionaries in the nation to preach; but allows them to keep school for the instruction of his youthful subjects in the various branches of useful learning. Like some of his brother monarchs in Europe, he seems fearful of disturbing the established order of things

EDITORIAL NOTICES.

The 18th No. of the MINERVA will contain, under POPULAR TALES, *The History of Perouou; or, the Bellows Mender*, by Miss Helen Maria Williams.

THE TRAVELLER.—*Customs of the Natives of the Freejee Islands.—Malay Demons and Witches.*

LITERATURE.—*The Art of Invigorating and Prolonging Life, and Peptic Precepts*, by Dr. Kitchener—*Heathen Mythology*.

THE DRAMA.—*Critical Remarks on Hamlet.—Early Play-Houses in London.*

BIOGRAPHY.—*Sketch of the Life of Robert Gull, the Scottish Poet.*

ARTS AND SCIENCES.—*Cranioscopy*, No. III—*Remarkable Case of Abstinence.—Premature Interment, &c.*

CORRESPONDENCE.—"Zimmerman" has given proofs that he has not always dwelt in "Solitude." His *avant courrier* is welcomed as the precursor of many such "Pilgrims," whom it shall be our pride and our care to shelter.—"The Pilgrim, No. I," in our next.

POETRY.—*The Ruined Fortress*, from the pen of "Laurence;" *the Comparison*, by "Eustace;" and *To Mary*, by "G. G." are intended for next number.

GLEANER, RECORD, DEATHS and MARRIAGES, ENIGMAS, CRYPTOLOGY, &c.

MARRIED.
On the 25th ult., Joseph Frost, to Miss Eliza Ann Baldwin; on the 29th, Henry A. Fay, Esq. to Miss Maria P. Grigg, of East Chester; on Saturday, Mr. Francis F. Laramee, to Miss Julia Ann Hunt; on the 3d ult., at Stonington Conn. Mr. William R. Palmer, of New-Orleans, to Miss Nancy Babcock; at Jamaica, L. I. on the 28th ult., Captain John Marshall, to Miss Matilda D. Winthrop; also, Allen W. Hardie, to Miss Caroline Cox; on Tuesday last, Mr. Samuel Saunders, to Miss Mary Pebbles, of Albany.

DIED.
On the 25th ult. Mr. Levi Hall, aged 23 years, at Greensburgh, N. Y. Joanna, youngest daughter of Perez Jones Esq.; at Rotterdam, N. Y. Mr. Cornelius Mabee, aged 29; at Brutus, N. Y. Mr. Isaac Trowbridge, 65 a revolutionary pensioner; at Bloomfield, N. Y. Oliver Chapin, Esq. 59; at Utica, Mrs. Abigail Wolcott, 84; Mr. Peter Wian. On the 28th ult., in the 82d year of his age, Mr. Walter Heyer; Mrs. Helen M'Kay, in the 67th year of her age; on Saturday, Mr. John N. Brown, merchant, aged 22 years; on the 24th instant, Mr. C. G. Boline, aged 41 years, a native of Sweden; at Black Stump, L. I. Capt. Jonathan Rowland, in the 59th year of his age; in England, George Stephen Kemble, Esq. aged 65; on the 30th ult., William Stephenson, in the 38th year of his age; on the 22d ult., at Schooly's Mount, Mrs. Susan Palfrey Lee; at Simsbury, Conn. killed by a fall from his horse, William Adams, aged 44.

POETRY.

It is the gift of POETRY to hallow every place in which it moves; to breathe round nature an odour more exquisite than the perfume of the rose, and to shed over it a tint more magical than the blush of morning.

For the Minerva.

The Author presents a Lady with a "forget me not."

Accept this boon, a simple flower,
'Tis newly from its stem,
I plucked it from your favour'd bower,
Sparkling with many a gem.
Oh! you have seen its petals shed
Upon its natal spot,
Celestial tears, which silent said, -
"Sweet maid, *Forget me not!*"

When thro' the scenes of life you rove,
Weeping in mis'ry's hour,
You'll think of him who dared to love,
By gazing on this flower.
Tho' all its fragrance dies away,
Its leaflets fade and rot,
Yet, yet, 'twill say, as I would say,
"Alas!—*Forget me not!*"

When in the maze of pleasure east,
When smiles are on your lips,
When all your youthful hours are past
Without one sad eclipse;
Then think of him, who, far away,
Whate'er may be his lot—
Will bless your hallow'd form, and say,
"My soul!—*Forget me not!*"

Cross'd by the turns of Fate, you may,
Perchance require one true,
To every link of Friendship's sway,
This breast would bleed for you!
Then, fare you well, again some power
May guide me to the spot
Where now I give this weeping flower,
And sigh, "Forget me not!"

EUSTACE.

For the Minerva.

THE LINGERING LOOK.

O Phoebe! altho' I have bade thee farewell,
And thrown all my love to the wind;
I lov'd thee too long, and I lov'd thee too well,
To leave thee and look not behind.

When tumult with this wild bosom has ceased,
And all my sad soul is serene;
With smiles the most sweet, and with high-
heaving breast,
Then softly thy image steals in.

I think on the glance of thy bliss-beaming eye,
Thy words that my heart so could win;
I think on our fondness—then wistfully sigh,
And almost could love thee again.

J. W. M.

July 23, 1822.

LIPS AND EYES.

[From a volume of Poems by Thomas Carew, Esq. published in London, in the year 1642.]

In Celia's face a question did arise
Which were more beautiful—her lips or eyes?
We, said the eyes, send forth those pointed
darts
Which pierce the hardest adamantine hearts.
From us, replied the lips, proceed those blisses,
Which lovers reap by kind words, and sweet
kisses.
Then wept the eyes, and from their springs did
pour
Of liquid oriental pearl, a shower.
Whereat the lips, moved with delight and pleasure,
Through a sweet smile unlock'd their pearly
treasure,
And bade Love judge, whether did add more
grace,
Weeping, or smiling pearls, in Celia's face?

THE SHEPHERD'S DREAM;
Or, Fairies' Masquerade.

[From Bloomfield's "May-Day with the Moses."]

I had folded my flock, and my heart was o'er-
flowing,
I loiter'd beside the small lake on the heath;
The red sun, flo' down, left his drapery glowing,
And no sound was stirring—I heard not a
breath.
Sat on the turf, but I meant not to sleep,
And gaze o'er that lake which for ever is new,

Where clouds over clouds appear'd anxious to peep
From this bright double sky with its pearl and
its blue.

Forgetfulness, rather than slumber, it seem'd,
When in infinite thousands the fairies arose
All over the heath, and their tiny crests gleam'd
In mock'ry of soldiers, our friends and our foes.
There a stripling went forth, half a finger's length

high,
And led a huge host to the north with a dash;
Silver birds upon poles went before their wild
cry,

While the monarch look'd forward, adjusting
his sash.

Soon after a terrible bonfire was seen,
The dwellings of fairies went down in their ire,
But from all I remember I never could glean
Why the woodstack was burnt, or who set it on
fire.

The flames seem'd to rise o'er a deluge of snow,
That buried its thousands—the rest ran away;
For the hero had here overstrain'd his long bow,
Yet he honestly own'd the mishap of the day.

Then the fays of the north like a hailstorm
came on,

And follow'd him down to the lake in a riot,
Where they found a large stone which they fix'd
him upon,

And threaten'd, and coax'd him, and bade him
be quiet.

He that conquer'd them all, was to conquer no
more,

But the million beheld he could conquer alone;
After resting awhile he leap'd boldly on shore,

When away ran a fay that had mounted his
throne.

Twas pleasant to see how they star'd, how they
scamper'd,

By furze-bush, by fern, by no obstele stay'd,
And the few that held council were terribly ham-
per'd.

For some were vindictive, and some were afraid.
I saw they were dress'd for a masquerade train,

Colour'd rags upon sticks they all brandish'd in
view,

And of such idle things they seem'd mightily vain,
Though they nothing display'd but a bird split in
two.

Then out rush'd the stripling in battle array,
And both sides determin'd to fight and to maul:

Death rattled his jaw-bones to see such a fray,
And glory personified laugh'd at them all.

Here he fail'd—hence he fled, with a few for his
sake,

And leap'd into a cockle-shell floating hard by;

It sail'd to an isle in the midst of the lake,

Where they mock'd fallen greatness, and left
him to die.

A lily triumphantly floated above,
The crowd press'd, and wrangling was heard
through the whole;

Some soldiers look'd surly, some citizens strove
To hoist the old night-cap on liberty's pole.

But methought in my dream some bewail'd him
that fell,

And lik'd not his victors, so gallant, so clever,
Till a fairy stepp'd forward, and blew through a
shell.

"Bear misfortunes with firmness, you'll triumph
for ever."

I awoke at the sound, all in silence, alone

The moor-hens were floating like specks in a
glass,

The dun clouds were spreading—the vision was
gone,

And my dog scamper'd round 'midst the dew on
the grass.

I took up my staff, as a knight would his lance,

And said—"here's my sceptre, my baton, my
spear,

"And there's my prime minister, far in advance,

"Who serves me with truth for his food by the
year."

So I slept without care till the dawning of day,

Then trimm'd up my woodbines and whistled
again;

My minister heard as he bounded away,

And we led forth our sheep to their pastures
again.

THE GREAT NORTHERN LIGHTS.

Now day conceals her face, and darkness fills
The field, the forest, with the shades of night;
The gloomy clouds are gathering round the hills,
Veiling the last ray of the lingering light.

The abyss of heaven appears—the stars are kin-
dling round;

Who, who can count those stars, who that abyss
can sound?

Where are thy secret laws, O Nature, where?

Thy north-lights dazzle in the wintry zone;

How dost thou light from ice thy torches there?

There has thy sun some sacred, secret throne?

See in yon frozen seas what glories have their

birth;

Thence night leads forth the day to illuminate the

earth.

Is there some vast, some hidden magazine,
Where the gross darkness flames of fire supplies?

Some phosphorus fabric, which the mountains

screen?

Where clouds of light above those mountains rise?

Where the winds rattle loud around the foaming

sea,

And lift the waves to heaven in thundering re-
verie?

Thou knowest not! 'tis doubt, 'tis darkness
all!

Even here on earth our thoughts benighted

stray.

And all is mystery through this worldly ball—

Who then can reah or read you milky way?

Creation heights and depths are all unknown—un-
trod—

When then shall say how vast, how great creation's

God!

FAREWELL.

From "The Fate of Adelaide."

I do not weep that thou art laid

Within the silent tomb;

I weep not that the cold death-shade

Hath marr'd thy youth's sweet bloom.

'Tis with no wish to wake thy sleep

Those tears thy grave bedew;

Ah, no!—ah, no! I only weep

I am not sleeping too.

What is my life, but a vain show,

Of its last hope bereft?

What spell can soothe the soul of woe,

That has but memory left?

How dear, how very dear thou art,

These bitter drops may tell;—

Sole treasure of my lonely heart,

A long and sad farewell!

ENIGMAS &c.

"And justly the wise man thus preach'd to us all,
Despise not the value of things that are small."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN OUR LAST.

Ink.

PUZZLE I.

A hat.

PUZZLE II.

Nothing.

PUZZLE III.

Because there is no end to it, but in destruc-
tion.

PUZZLE IV.

Cockernouth. (Cock her mouth.)

PUZZLE V.

Herring. (Her ring.)

PUZZLE VI.

Nothing.

PUZZLE VII.

A feather.

NEW PUZZLES.

I. What is that which unites two, but only touches
one?

II.

What word is that in the English language, of
five letters, which by adding two becomes
shorter?

III.

Why is Ireland likely to become the richest
country in the world?

IV.

What one word in the English language will ex-
press misery, myself, and my wife?

V.

If you kiss me, and I kiss you, what is it?

VI.

What is that the more you add to it the less
weights?

CHRONOLOGY.

FROM THE CREATION TO THE PRESENT TIME.

362 Agesilaus commanded the infantry of Ta-
chos, Chabrias the fleet. Nectanebos, son of
the Egyptian king, forsook his father, and was
received by Artaxerxes. Agesilaus, besieged by
Tachos, made his way through the be-
siegers, and afterwards died.

361 Titus Manlius gained a victory over a Gaul,
who defied the Romans. He had the name of
Torquatus on account of the Gaul's chain,
which he afterwards wore.

360 Death of Artaxerxes Mnemon, King of
Persia, after a reign of 46 years. Artaxerxes
Ochus succeeded. Some pretended this to
be Ahassuerus, the husband of Esther, but it
is probable he was of a more ancient date.

Alexander of Pherze, gained a naval vic-
tory over the Athenians.

Q. Servilius Ahala, dictator, defeated the
Gauls after a bloody battle near the Collatine
Gate. Petelius triumphed over the Tibur-
tines.

359 Perdiccas III. King of Macedon, being
killed by the Illyrians, his brother Philip, fa-
ther of Alexander the Great, succeeded. He
reigned 24 years; gained a victory over the
Athenians, near Methone; made peace with
them; restored Amphipolis; and subdued the
Peonians and Illyrians.

Plato, at the persuasion of Dio, returned to
Syracuse, but Dionysius soon expelled both.
Plato went a third time into Sicily.

Ochus, king of Persia, transported many
Jews from Egypt into Hyrcania.

Death of Xenophon, the historian, at Co-
rinth.

358 The Gauls defeated by C. Sulpitius, dicta-
tor. Plautius triumphed over the Hernici.
Fabius surprised and defeated by the Tar-
quinians.

Byzantium, Rhodes, Coos, and Chios,
leagued against the Athenians. Chabrias,
general of the latter, slain in battle. Philip
took Amphipolis, discovered a mine, whence
he drew yearly 1000 talents of gold.

The temple of Delphos plundered by the
inhabitants of Phœsus.

Dio in vain sued for peace. Alexander, of
Pherze, being put to death by his wife, Philip,
of Macedon, seized on Thessaly.

356 The Falisci and Tarquinians defeated by
Fabius. C. Marcus Iulius, first Plebeian
dictator, defeated the Tuscans, and triumphed
without the consent of the Senate.

Philistus, General of Dionysius, drove
from Syracuse; put an end to his life. Dionysius
sailed for Italy, leaving a garrison in the
citadel. The Syracusans defeated by Dio.
The garrison of the citadel sallied out to
plunder the city, but were repulsed by
Dio.

The war of the Allies continued in Greece,
and terminated by the mediation of Persia.
Philip of Macedon, subdued the King of
Thrace, Pannoni, and Illyria.

Birth of Alexander the Great. The same
day the temple of Diana was burnt at Ephesus
by Herostratus, who desired to render his
name immortal.

355 Beginning of the Sacred War, according to
Diodorus. The Amphytrions had condemned
the Phœceans to a fine, because they occu-
pied a portion of the sacred field belonging to
the temple at Delphi. Philomelus persuaded
the Phœceans to pillage the temple at Del-
phos. He defeated the Locrans, and per-
suaded the Laecephorians and Athenians to
join him.

Demosthenes is supposed to have delivered
his first orations.

354 The Thebans subdued the Phœceans and
Locrans. Philomelus killed himself, or fell
in battle.

First alliance of the Romans with the Sam-
nites.

(To be continued.)

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